

VAGRANT VISIONS



EDITH FARGO ANDREWS



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Wagrant Visions

BY

EDITH FARGO ANDREWS



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no. 1

TO
THE MEMORY OF
MY MOTHER

Irene Fargo Andrews

Our tokens of love are, for the most part, barbarous; cold and lifeless, because they do not represent our life. The only gift is a portion of thyself. Therefore, let the farmer give his corn; the miner, a gem; the sailor, coral and shells; the painter, his picture; the poet, his poem.

EMERSON'S "ESSAYS."

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VAGRANT VISIONS

WHICH?

IF thou couldst take
Some moment of thy past,
One moment —
Perfect, fleeting —
That is all;
When thy zenith vast
Of earthly joys
Seemed to have been reached;
When thy power for
And wisdom of
Life's exquisite
Seemed to be attained,
Laid at thy feet;
And by a wish
Thou then couldst bid
That glimpse of heaven,
That molecule of Time,
Be fixed and made eternal;
Out of all Life's sorrows,
Joys, pains and pleasures —
Which
Wouldst thou choose
To have made permanent?

SPRING — OUT THERE

1917

SPRING has travelled round the world and
come again to stir the heart
Where dying is a gallant art — where shrapnel
banners are unfurled.

Behind the bitter battle lines, behind the un-
thawed barricades
And through ear-splitting cannonades —
through all the bullets' seething whines

They hear the mellow step of May; through
strident streams of hurtling lead
They hear her lissom, eager tread; they feel
refreshed beneath her sway.

She bends above a lonely grave — forgot in
vict'ry's sudden joy,
A lonely mother's only boy; — spring leaves
a kiss, and wave on wave

Of murmuring grass and fragrant blooms
make this into a wayside shrine —
The lad's red blood, the holy wine — the in-
cense from their rich perfumes.

INDIAN SUMMER

AN IDYLL

ATMOSPHERE hazy,
Languorous breeze,
Warm, calm weather,
Coloring trees;
Clouds, soft, ivory,
Skies of strange blue,
A smouldering sun —
A day — with you!

COMPASSION

THERE is ever a joy
That is born
Of human grief;
Each thought's tomb
Bears a flower that adds
Its beauty to the desolation;
Else why cross the cold
And dear dead hands —
Symbolic?
Why strew relentless waves
With blooms
Unless all woe
Is lightened by compassion?

TO A FRIENDSHIP

*If I were I, and you were you,
As others say is so,
This bit of verse would be in vain —
But they are wrong, we know.*

For I am you, and you are I —
And that's the splendid thing!
For in your eyes my daydreams shine
And from my heart you sing.

My wishes and my hopes are yours,
In friendship we are one;
There is no question of farewell —
Our journey's just begun.

And though you are not always near,
I am not left afar;
Your spirit seems to be with me —
And mine is where you are.

*If I were I, and you were you,
As others say is so,
This bit of verse would be in vain —
But they are wrong, we know.*

MY GUARDIAN ANGEL

ONCE

I sat dreaming, long ago,
Beneath an arbor
Where the glow
Of God's great sunset
Lit the vines,
Tinting grapes and columbines,
Enveloping the vales and hills,
Blushing on a streamlet's rills —
When slowly sank the day
In sleep:
And I — alone —
Mid silence deep,
Was filled with wonder and with awe
As, coming up the path, I saw
Your form, familiar,
As of old
And heard your voice
Of molten gold.
Spellbound I sat
While on you came —
You softly, slowly breathed —
My name!
I thought that my last earthly day
Had come — I quickly knelt to pray;
When on my lowered head
You placed
Your cooling hand.

I rose and faced
You, took you in my arms to hear :
“ You see, I’ve come back
To you, dear,
'Tween lights of day
And twilight’s haze,
To help and guide you through the maze
Of life.

It is not what it seems,
'Tis but a labyrinth
Of dreams!
Although I’ve passed
From earthly eyes,
I still am yours in paradise;
‘ Until death us do part,’ they say,
In such a weakly, human way.
From this day forth
You’re not alone —
From life, through death,
Our love has grown.
Your guardian angel I shall be
Forever — through eternity.
Whenever you are lonely, dear,
Remember — I am always near;
My hands will soothe you
When you rest,
Your head soft-pillowed on my breast.

Then,
When your grave is filled

And passed
And you are safe with me —
At last —
All heartaches, longings,
Scars and tears
Shall fade into the mist of years.
Close by you on your daily way,
Where'er you are,
There will I stay
To help you o'er Life's mountains steep
And guide you through the valleys deep.
And now — I go —
But you must wait
The call of God —
Dear Heart, 'tis Fate! "
So saying,
From my arms you crept
Before my very eyes.
I wept
And realized 'twas but a dream;
But in the west
You left a gleam
Of life to come and strange delight;
I wandered on
Until the night
Spread out her wond'rous sable cloak.
With outstretched arms,
I softly spoke
Your name unto the passing breeze —
When lo,

There whispered through the trees
Your voice!
It sounded rich and deep
And soothed me
Into blessed sleep.—
A wistful prayer
Surged in my heart
That I might learn
To do my part,
That I might grow
More worthy of
Thy lavish and immortal love!
Sweet memories of you
Came to me
And lulled me —
Like a wind at sea;
I felt your presence
Everywhere,
A peace that was beyond compare!
E'en though death's chasm's
Gaunt and great,
Not even that can separate
Us; through the years
Our love endures,
For you are mine
And I — am yours!

THE TRANSFORMATION

I NEVER knew how love came;
I only know that naught's the same;
The springtime's glowing fields are fairer
And the joy of living rarer —
I know not how it came.

I never knew when love came;
I only know the sun's warm flame
Is brighter now — the stars more soft,
The trees and winds now sing more oft;
I know not when it came.

I never knew why love came;
I only know life holds an aim
More lofty for me now; above,
Below—the whole earth dreams of love—
I know now why it came!

THE TRIBUTE

If you have had
One happiness in life,
You are forever past
The pale of grief,
Deep and caustic.
For he
Who has been glad,
E'en though it be
But once, can bravely face
The Reaper;
For Time,
Like the woman he loves,
Has paid him sweet tribute
And given him joy.

FAITH

By all the signs of heaven and earth
I know you'll come tonight;
The smiling moon has risen fair
To guide you with her light.

A star streams through the bending sky;
A trail of light, the mark
Of Love's bright fingertips, is left —
A splendid, silver arc.

Such cool and eager sounds I hear
About me everywhere,
The step of tiny roses climbing
Up the trellis stair.

Amidst this wondrous depth of night
I hearken — once — again!
I count your footsteps as you come —
My faith was not in vain!

HARMONY

FOR all the world's in tune, my dear,
A melody comes from the trees,
I hear the song of a trickling brook,
A rhapsody floats on the breeze.

But the sweetest music of all, my dear,
Is the symphony of love
As it comes down to us through the air
From the choir of stars above!

ST. JOHN'S EVE, BY THE SEA

LIFE is going on before mine eyes
While I am here alone. From former years
A bygone melody of smiles and tears
Comes drifting through the midnight of the
skies.

Truant memories of the past arise,
Of vain regret, of mighty pain, of fears,
But now, Fate soothes my heart and there ap-
pears

Naught but a blessed peace that glorifies
Each thing it touches; e'en the summer sea
Is stilling all the little waves that dance.
It seems as though some splendid mystery
Might be revealed to me where'er I glance,
For o'er the earth and sky — Infinity
Sweeps with its vast, illegible Romance!

THE VOICE OF TWILIGHT

FROM the throats of hurtling birds
And the hearts of popples gay,
From the reddened roses' folds
Comes a song from far away.
From the ragged turf on the cliff
And the curling stream in the glen,
From the sandy, moistened sea-edge
Comes a voice to me now and again.

'Tis the voice of the dizzy highlands,
Singing to shepherds and sheep,
'Tis the lullaby of the meadows
As they soothe the grass to sleep.
This threnody of twilight
Enweaves a mystic spell,
The lake sings to the pine trees —
The sea — to an echoing shell!

LONGING

(Written anonymously by a Russian serf to a lady of the nobility.)

As a flower made drunken
By the sun,
Swaying in the tawny light's embrace,
I look far, far above me
Where lives your heart,
Your soul that I do long for
Most of all.
Like a meager weed
That's hidden low
By all the splendors
Of a gaudy rose,
I watch you as you pass
Along the way that leads
Beyond my modest biding place.
Your cheeks are tinged
As are the clouds at blush of day;
The color of your hair is claimed
By earth; while the sea,
Emerald at midday, lends
Its deep enchantment
To your quiet eyes.
As the blossom towards the sun
Does turn,
From the lucent east
Unto the livid west,
So do mine eyes follow

Where'er you go,
Mine arms outstretched
Like wistful, pleading leaves —
Mine heart laid bare
Awaiting your caress!

OUR FORMER LIVES

I DO not know whate'er I was,
Or where I lived or when,
I feel that you and I, though,
Were one when living then.

How oft I've watched your subtle face
And known I've loved and lost,
Because there's something I recall
From ages passed and crossed.

In this long life I've been debarred
From any hope of you,
Your smile is always bleak to me,
Your heart as chill as dew.

But everyone forgets the lives
That have been lived before,
Our God is kind and heals our hearts —
He closes Memory's door!

THE LULL

O'ER sand-strewn stretches,
Warm and smooth,
The tired wind's adream;
The daylights fade
And die away
In one last fleeting gleam.

The seaweed sways
In currents young,
White silence fills the seas;
The sea-snakes coil
Their shining mail —
The sun floats past the trees.

PHANTASY

THE filmy night is laced with gleams,
With truant echoes of the streams
Wandering in the deepening glades
And chanting woodland serenades —
The sun sinks with a sigh.

Far o'er the lake's soft rhythmic crest
I glide alone; there in the west
The fragments of a splendid day
Are mirrored in the brilliant bay —
One star sweeps through the sky.

Beyond the world-edge floats a cloud,
And there entwined as in a shroud
Lie all my hopes and my desires,
Their dross consumed by heavenly fires
That flare up clear and bright.

Wee ripples tinkle on the shore,
Sink back again to rise once more;
So do my daydreams soar or fall,
Some shattered far beyond recall
In memory's hurried flight.

A plashing sound, a glimpse of white,
And through the darkness of the night
I feel that you are drawing near,
And then, your voice I seem to hear
Upon the starlit wind.

I dimly see you standing there,
The moonlight glinting on your hair,
Your arms outstretched — I hasten on,
The spell is broken — you are gone
And I — am left behind!

THE SEA OF SILENCE

My voyage through life
Is a voiceless one
Over a silent sea,
No whirl of wind
Past the flapping sails
Nor of storm-bound waves set free;
But here,
 And there,
 And everywhere,
Are sparkling motions,
Lithe and fleet —
I see the sound
Where breakers meet!

The soft companionship
Of peace,
Two kindred souls between,
Is nearest heaven
Here on earth
And brings a joy serene;
But oh!

 The loss
 When far across
Love's vista glides
A perfect word
That only can be guessed —
Not heard!

Shared laughter warms
A lonely heart
In need of sympathy —
White silence reigns
O'er all supreme
Upon my soundless sea;
Nor Time,
 Nor Art,
 Can e'er impart
Life's music to
My longing ear;
I feel its cadence —
Yearn to hear!

Though much is thus
Denied me on
My voyage, stilled,
Through life,
I ne'er have heard
Men's dull complaints,
Nor angry words nor strife;
So I
 Rejoice
 The only voice
That in my heart
Rings true and clear
Is God's great love,
And that — I hear!

SEPARATION

RELENTLESS, unyielding
As oceans, opaque,
There are vast, trackless mountains
That screen us;
And, instead of subduing,
Increase the soulache
By their o'erwhelming presence
Between us.

A DREAM SHAPE

By a star-white birch that held a gleam
I gathered wildflowers in a dream,
And shaped a woman, whose sweet blood
Was the odor of the wildwood bud.

I took the chanting of the breeze
And water whispering through the trees,
And shaped the soul that breathed below
A woman's blossom breasts of snow.

From dew, the starlight arrowed through,
I wrought a woman's eyes of blue,
The lids, like jasmine 'neath the moon,
Were rose-pale petals born of June.

Out of the woodland and the air
I wrought the glory of her hair
That o'er her eyes' blue heaven lay
Like some deep cloud o'er dawn of day.

Out of a rosebud's veins I drew
The mellow crimson beating through
Her fragrant lips, whose soft caress
Filled all my soul with tenderness.

A shadow's shadow in the glass
Of sleep, my spirit saw her pass;
And, thinking of it now, meseems
We only live within our dreams.

For in that time she was to me
More real than our reality,
More real than earth — more real than I —
The unreal things that pass — and die!

HALCYON DAYS

WITH water-emeralds softly glinting,
The streaming river whirls and bends
Past feathered ferns and waving grasses
Then, with the skyline faintly blends.

Glistening paths of cool green mosses
Trace the river's gleaming brink;
All the water blossoms shimmer,
Pure and scented, white and pink.

Freshening winds sweep o'er the lowlands
Near the swaying, shadowed sedge;
Trees bend forward with caresses,
Leaning from the water's edge.

Halcyon days remain forever,
Time and Tide are stilled, meseems,
Here there's neither gloom nor tumult —
All the world's aflood with dreams!

THE ROAD THAT LEADS TO THEE

MORNING

WHEN dawn-lights glint
Through willow-woods
Far in the quivering east,
 The bold road,
 The strolled road,
Lures on when night has ceased;
The one I oft have trod alone
Across the meadows three,
 The old road,
 The gold road,
The road that leads to thee.

NOON

The high-noon haze
Enfolds the earth,
White-stretched beneath the heat,
 The sun road,
 The shun road,
Winds on through swirling wheat;
The one I oft have trod alone
Across the meadows three,
 The run road,
 The one road,
The road that leads to thee.

NIGHT

Adown a glen,
Through crooked paths,
On to the burning west,
 The team road,
 The stream road,
The one that finds me rest;
The one each eve I tread alone
Across the meadows three,
 The gleam road,
 The dream road,
The road that leads — to thee!

THE PISTOL OF GAVRIO PRINZEP

(Suggested by a brief article in "Life.")

*The pistol of Gavrio Prinzep —
Where was that weapon made?
Whose were the intriguing fingers
That fashioned it, undismayed?*

Where lurked a spark of war's cruel flame,
One day a royal couple came;
And in that selfsame tiny town
There came a youth who said a crown
Was but the symbol of a greed
For wealth and power past all need.
Within dark schools of hate he'd dwelt
And, all engulfed in hate, he felt
Resentment, strong revolt. And taught
That e'en his country's soul was bought,
Oppressed; his reason failed — he drew
A weapon lithe, and then — he slew.

I wonder — if in aeons past
When all was new and strange and vast,
Before their birth primordial
The unwrought leaden fragments, small,
Had dreams fantastic as they lay
Enmeshed within a clot of clay?
Before they paused within the hands
Of youth, and while the brimming sands

Of Time were pouring in its glass
All of those burning years — alas,
I wonder — if those atoms knew
The ghastly work they were to do?

Meseems it would not be amiss
If now a weapon such as this
(Like Shelley's heart, or e'en the dust
Of some anarchic saint) may rust
Beneath a limpid crystal shade;
That through the ages, unafraid,
All men may come and see it there —
Impotent token of despair
And all the horrors, red, of war
Of which it was ambassador:
No force divine, let it be said,
E'er moulded that death dealing lead!

*The pistol of Gavrio Prinzep —
Where was that weapon made?
Whose were the intriguing fingers
That fashioned it, undismayed?*

ADAGIO

RAINBOW brilliant,
Sunset bright,
All the world does now forgive;
Lambent shadows,
Darkening light,
Stars the storm allowed to live.

Virgin evening,
Cooling streams,
Night of velvet-tinted skies;
Dusky hazes,
Moonlit gleams,
Glinting with a thousand eyes.

Silent, thoughtful,
Calm, serene,
All the tired world's at peace;
Then Aurora
Sinks unseen —
Day's long motions cease.

AT BREAK OF DAY

THROUGH dawn's soft mist I hear a bell
Tolling the hour to all mankind;
The scented fragrance of the morn
Is brought to me upon the wind.

The sparkling air is like the mead
That graced Olympus' banquet halls;
Wild roses sway far up the brinks
Of darting, foaming waterfalls.

Crisp shadows sweep across the streams,
By sunlit pools I meditate;
The past is dim, the future calm,
I am at peace with Life and Fate.

Above the murmurs of the day
Comes drifting through the pines to me
The laughter of a happy child —
The keynote of unfettered glee.

An elfin face amongst the green,
A hurried cry of pure delight,
I plunge into the woodland maze —
My lass has found her errant knight!

TO THE FUTURE

THE quiet night, all clear and cool,
Invades the world; a star
Smiles soft on me; within a pool
I see it from afar.

This lily-pond, with rich incense
Rising in the mists,
Veils its placid depths with scents
Like ancient alchemists.

Shafts of moonlight pierce the rim
Of this calm well of blue;
They leave soft rays like flowers, dim,
White-jeweled with drops of dew.

A wind-song through the swaying pines
Soothes my heart to rest;
The fragrance from the lily-shrines
Soars to the hillock crest.

Alone, apart from toil and care,
I sleep — to dream of thee,
Our days to come, all golden fair —
One through eternity!

THE BLIND POET

WITH all my heart and soul
Have I tarried,
With all my strength and mind,
That I might glean, mayhap,
From earth the full measure
Of its joy that is due
Each mortal placed thereon;
Else, far along
Would I have journeyed
The pathway ending
By the throne of God:
Often I watch
The river of my life
As it curves and ripples
Over stones, bending first
To this side, then to that.
But, alas, in midstream
Stands a rock,
Halting undercurrent,
Parting waves —
Impassive and immutable!
The force of water
'Gainst this barrier rude
Stirs and churns the limped flood
To feathery foam,
Lashes placed strips
Of weeds and roots
Into thongs more stinging

Than a curse!
The trees bend o'er this whirlpool
Mocking me, with leaves outstretched
Opening like a hand;
Derision chokes the throats
Of birds and beasts —
Their raucous cries
Swell the swirl of waters;
Jeering, madly shouting,
Darting swiftly from the shore
And circling near the rock,
Telling all the world
My darkened life!

When but a child,
'Twas told to me the tale
Of how my ancestors were brave,
Were strong and to this country came
For Freedom's sake.
I heard of how all wants
Were met, the trials
That men and women bore
That they might love their God
The way they chose;
I listened long
To all the deeds of prowess,
Valor, strength — of splendid manhood
And of tender womankind.
But, as I see the rock
That ever bars my way

To any hope of reaching forward — on,
I seem to lose my courage
And my strength sinks
As in a stupor;
All my life
I've never seen the sun,
Nor any light
To aid me on my way.
I live in dusk,
In Night's cool clasp;
My only helping hand has been
My dreams, both day and eve —
In them I live the life
Of other men who see.
I strive to pierce the gloom
And move the rock
That halts my stream of life;
Of no avail are my poor efforts.
That stone, it must have been
Placed there by the hand of God
Himself, that I might know and heed
His lesson of omnipotence,
Of omniscience.
But, He has also put into my care
That gift, more precious
Than the sight of men to me —
The gift of dreams,
And telling them to others!

RE-CREATION

THE crimson moon swings low in a cloudless
sky,
Quivering in restless after-waves of heat.
In a rhythmic night song, far away and sweet,
The parchéd trees and faded grasses sigh;
When lo! Within the twinkling of an eye
There pours a blinding mass of lightening
fleet —
Pure, heaven-sent rain descends to earth to
meet
Her dusty lips with dew from out the sky;
When all my soul for want of love was
seared,
Then didst thou come with all thy tenderness
And bade me live anew. Then disappeared
All sorrow and that sense of loneliness
Within my tuneless heart; for thou hast
cheered
And made me know the *whole* of happiness!

AN AFTERNOON

PASTORALE

THE air all stilled, with purplish haze
Envelops vales and hills,
The throbbing song of the breeze is faint,
The sea-damp round me chills.

Fair Daytime glides more softly now,
Singing to the sun,
While into lavender twilight fresh
She fades — the day is done.

The Earth, bent o'er with tired thoughts,
Shades her eyes from the light;
She soothes her weary heart and sleeps,
Adrift on the stream of Night.

REMINISCENCES

THE breath of a sandalwood fan
Takes me many years back to Cathay;
I think of a girl in Japan
When wisteria blossoms in May.

The sight of a Spanish mantilla
Recalls one dark night in Madrid,
When I sang and played softly until a
Large, swarthy Spaniard forbid!

I remember a pretty, wee madchen
Who lived by the harbor of Kiel,
I swore I'd ne'er forget Gretchen —
For oh! how that girl made me feel!

At Calais we docked in the morning
And this time 'twas one named Lenore!
But she certainly served as a warning —
She'd been married, well — three times
before!

From there, we then set sail for Dover,
My word! 'twas a wonderful sight!
Here, I lost my heart over and over —
And I foolishly promised to write!

Now, thinking about those quaint places
We stayed but a moment; the whirl
My poor heart had over those faces —
I forgot my American girl!

THE SONG OF THE PADDLE

O'ER silver streams, like a ribbon
 Winding beneath the moon,
Our lissom skiffs are gliding —
 Our paddles sing a tune
Of the forest's calm enchantment
 As it lies adream, sublime,
In the radiant midnight's glory
 At the end of summertime.
The grim, staunch pine trees whisper
 On the luring banks of moss;
The lighted waves of silver
 Bear us in their arms across
The white-tipped lake; and fairy isles
 Of woodland bowers lift
Their dew-dripped leaves to heaven
 As to them we softly drift.
Our paddles, with their tinkling touch,
 Plunge into gloom and light,
They sing a song of the Northlands,
 Of Love and Love's delight.
Thus on, and ever on, we go,
 Forgetting care and sorrow,
For in this joy of pulsing life
 There's e'er a bright tomorrow!

MUSIC

(*Sempre, legato, pesante molto sostenuto.*)

LET loose the mellow flood-
gates
Of the soul,
And music, soft or eager,
Will float forth,
Depending on the inner moods
For time, for rhythm and for
tone.

Crescendo. Oft when joy befalls us,
Then the tune in roulade gay
Bursts from the heart
And colors every hour
With laughter, song and mel-
ody.

Pensieroso. When calm and hallowed
thoughts
Enfold us — lullabies,
Deep echoes from the heart,
Clear Lydian strains,
Slow and pure,

Ben legato. Surge round us, bringing peace
And comfort that is past
All human ken —
Like that which cometh
From the souls of those we
loved

Through all the lives
We've lived before;
Con passione. On silver streams of music
As the fragrant mist of in-
cense
Rises — filled with prayers —
So let my heart's desires
Mount to God!

THE SONG OF LIFE AND LOVE

FROM far beyond the sunset's gorgeous glow
There comes, upon the twilight-softened
wind,

A song from out the radiant west, entwined
With memories — a faint adagio
Of smiles and tears, forgotten in the slow
And measured canticle of Time. Behind
The molten clouds, the melody, enshrined,
Pours o'er my vibrant soul, sways to and fro,
Until its mellow, truant echoes seem
To roam the golden pathways of the past.
Like the impassioned prelude of a stream,
When sparkling springtime wakens Earth at
last,

The beauty of this song is like a dream
Of bygone days that ne'er can be surpassed!

THE CROSSROADS OF TIME

SOFTLY caressing the cedars,
Blessing the mosses and ferns,
The night mists rise in the eager air
Where the starlight glistens and burns.

Up on the purple highlands,
Beneath the curving skies,
A luring roadway through the west
Enthralls my wistful eyes.

In seared and gloomy dullness
There leads another way,
A narrow path that calls to me —
I falter, but obey.

Over this dim, bleak byway,
Whether I wish it or no,
Through the drab muteness of the world
I force myself to go.

But that which has once been given
Can never be taken away,
And such was the love that you gave to me
At the close of one wonderful day.

My dreams are fair, but rarer
Are the memories, soft and true,
Of a glance that thrilled my inmost soul
As it came from the eyes of you.

It lights my dreary pathway,
Its cheering echoes span
The silence — aye, like that which was
Ere ever the world began!

THE ANSWER

It does not matter
What I e'er have asked,
You've answered me too well,
Dear Heart, and yet
I fain would have you put in words
Those things the which
No human language can express!
The supple speech of the eternal gods
Can ne'er encompass the glad sound
Of your sweet voice,
That thrills me
With its rich and vibrant tone.
E'en by a glance
You've lifted me unto the heights,
Where I have tasted heaven's bliss:
Ah, Love — I know what next
You would reply,
As surely as the morning knows the sun!
For I have read it
In your shadowed eyes —
Where lies the lavish beauty
Of an angel's soul —
And I have felt it
In your close caress,
Your clinging arms,
And on your warm, soft lips.
The dew-kissed roses
Feel the same as I —

They share the world-old secret
Now with me.
I know your fervent answer well,
But still — mine eyes are dimmed
And I can think naught else
Until I hear you say:
“ I love you, Dear.”

AFTER

COME!
Beat upon the battle drums
Of Time
And lead us forward
Through the years of war
With quickening step;
That we may pass along
The writhing road of Hate
And out into the vale of Peace,
Where vanquished lie the gods
Of lust and greed,
Whose vampire breaths have sucked
The vital blood from out
The trembling, weakened hearts
Of all the world.
Prepare the camp
For myriad womenfolk
Whose childrens' souls are blasted
By the sight of murder —
And the other unnamed crimes
Too vile to print
On history's blotted page.
Prepare a refuge for the men
Who lost the light of morning sun,
And make a place for those young lives
Who lost their faith
In man, in God — in everything,
In this mad war.

Then, when this vale
At last is reached,
And all the tired armies
Of the world have come
Unto their final camping ground
For rest — a lasting peace
Will live amongst the hosts —
And Christ
Will walk upon the earth again!

JUNE SONG

THE million-tinted fields are gay
With flowers, buds and grasses
That cover all the hillsides and
Embower dank morasses.

O'erpetalled are the woods and vales
By daisies, violets, mosses;
A shaft of sunlight glinting, bright,
The landscape fair embosses.

The joy of living thrills the soul
When June her charm discloses —
Our hearts unfold and blossom in
This month of love and roses!

EXILES

WHEN Twilight fair disrobes and flings
Her flaming garments to the west
And lies, all-radiant, alluring,
Within the close caress of Night —
Then dost thou and I — alone,
Wander o'er the moon-swept crest
Of yonder fragrant knoll. In all
This vibrant world of shade and light
Naught seems to be save just us two;
While through the dream-filled forest aisles
We pass — into a wondrous land,
So great, so vast, that we, exiles
From all we ever lived or knew,
Can scarce conceive or understand
The deep enchantment waiting us.

Without the portals of our realm,
The sullen mockery of men
Surges up to sadden us;
Within the well locked gates — we laugh,
We're free of man's soul-crushing yoke,
We live and love — and laugh again!
Through all our days the sun flares bright,
The nights — more mellow as I quaff
The wine of earthly paradise
From out thy golden goblet rare,
Replete with ravishments unborn.

Enmeshed within thy glowing hair,
Held captive by thine eager eyes,
I take thee for mine own — and scorn
The sodden world beyond the stars!

ON A SUMMER NIGHT

A MULTICOLORED garden sleeps,
The branches gay are still,
The only sound, a stream's soft song
And the cry of the whippoorwill.

The blossoms fold their splendor close,
The world is all adream;
Come thou, and share thy beauty with
The moonlight's wondrous gleam.

THE SUNSET OF LIFE

THE heavens are stilled from the lull in the
storm,

So are we calm when the hush comes in life.

Clouds of affection from memories old

Conceal any emptiness, heartaches or strife.

Stronger through weaknesses, wise we
become

As the sunset of life draws us nearer our
home.

SILENCE

(Suggested by a picture by F. S. Church.)

THE mummy's head
Is seared and old
And bound with wrappings
Torn and thin;
The eyes are closed
And in a fold
The cloth is worn
Beneath the chin.

A fresh young rose
Is gently laid
Upon the lips,
Long still and cold,
Its fragrance wasted
And the shade
Unnoticed by
The mummy old.

And all is silence
As the rose
Lies there upon
The lips — the spell,
The secret of
The head, its pose
Aye, who can e'er
Divine or tell!

THE MOON

ENCHANTRESS of the earth,
Pale, silver goddess,
Witch of the sighing waves —
You reign supreme,
With your phosphorescent scepter
That dispels the limpid darkness
Of an eerie night.
Your supple, lissom sheen
Invades the woods, the hills —
And over all the seas
A flood of quivering,
Radiant moonbeams dance
Like Grecian maidens
On an ancient vase.
Your power wanes
As fast appears the day,
But gracefully you drop the mantle
That Dawn appropriates —
And wears so well.
Then, as the sunlight
Fades away and dies,
You resume your lambent throne
And guide the waiting earth
Until another day is come
To speed us on the well-worn road
Of time.

A DESERT RHAPSODY

FAR away from the glowing sands
Comes a sigh of the siren breeze;
I cannot hope to resist it
As it calls me through the trees.

This "wanderlust" for the Arab lands
Assails me sleeping, awake,
And every thought is of that, from dawn
Until the twilight opaque.

Its golden glimmer lures me on,
The long horizon enchants,
The breadth and freedom inspires —
I'm in love with its romance!

Give me that desert at dim midnight,
With the stars and moon above,
With my campfire faintly burning,
And I'll tell you of my love.

She is a wistful, sloe-eyed maid,
With lips of a sunset hue,
A skin as fair as a precious pearl's
And the touch of her hand — like dew.

Alas! She will not heed my pleas
And I have wooed her in vain!
(But just as an explanation —
She inhabits my "castles in Spain"!)

SPEED MANIA

WHIRRING, lunging,
Hurtling, plunging,
Icy wind in my face!
Choking, gasping,
Thin air rasping,
Crushing me into place!
Careening, dashing,
Sweeping, crashing
Over the ribbon-like track!
Rushing, darting,
Eyelids smarting,
Speeding, maniac!
Bounding, bowling,
Spurting, rolling,
Demon Speed at the wheel!
Skimming, flying,
Laws defying —
Winning thrills to feel!

PHANTOMS

THE DREAM

MY brain is clouded by a fog,
It blurs and dims the lights
That otherwise are free and clear
From such weird fancy-flights.

I see the frail ghost of a sea
That trembles on the strand,
At the cold sea-edge it falters
And sinks back from the land.

The mingling tide and rustling beach
Clash and surge in rage —
The phantom of a ship I see
Upon a pilgrimage.

Her ghastly rigging's flapping loose,
Hanging in the breeze,
Deserted by the master hands
That sailed her o'er the seas.

The sky is full of chilly clouds,
The air is choked with spray,
I hear the gray wind moaning
As it lashes o'er the bay.

An eerie moon o'ershines it all,
The rocks, in bold relief
Against a sodden, murky sea,
Surround a jagged reef.

How pale and mystic all the world
Seems as the silver light
Is trodden down by Phoebus' feet,
Who conquers over Night.

THE AWAKENING

When golden gleam the sunny shafts
Upon this phantom sea,
I find these things were ghosts indeed
That seemed so real to me!

THE FLOWERS OF FATE

THE world, serene, majestic, holds
Two brilliant blossoms of life in her lap;
Within their flowery petal-folds
Are pleasures, pain or grief, mayhap.
With fragrant chalice, a jasmine pure,
Cool and fresh in the evening dew,
Lies waiting in the dusk obscure
For me to choose or take, in lieu,
A rose, full-fashioned by the sun,
Warm-scented and of crimson touch —
Life lets me choose to take the one
Or other, each may please me much.
If I but take the jasmine's heart,
My life will glide like a mystic spell;
If I take the rose — deep pain, the dart
Of Love and bliss no tongue can tell!
'Tis a vivid question, sacred and deep,
A peace or a passion that blooms and grows;
The flower of bliss and pain I'll keep —
I take from the lap of Life — the rose!

THE ETERNAL MELODY

THE woodland brook sings to the ferns
Of forest lands and lights,
The birds call softly to their mates
In soaring, circling flights.

The rose breathes to the listening earth
Of happiness and love —
The moon enchants the white sea waves
From her silver throne above.

When in your love-begetting eyes
I gaze, as o'er the stream
A fern bends low, I see your soul
As if 'twere in a dream.

Our hearts blend into one sweet chord,
Held through eternity —
Two notes that, wedded, sound as one
In God's great rhapsody!

TO THEE

WHEN first I saw thee
And beheld thy face,
Meseems I ne'er had seen
Another fairer;
Then, when soft lights I found
Within the meshes of thine eyes
Mine heart was all transformed;
For thou hast come
Forever afterward to me, in dreams,
A glowing, perfect, sunset-tinted rose,
Whose luscious fragrance wafts
Like incense, rare,
Across the flaming altar
Of my life!

NOVEMBER

THE year is old and withered,
The trees all gaunt and bare,
Summer is sadly vanishing —
Keen winds cut the air.

The thick waves lash their fury
Upon the weary shore,
The piercing shrieks of sea-birds join
The maddened ocean's roar.

Wide fields are seared and frosty,
The heavens, pale and wan,
Bend o'er me filled with moanings, while
Black thunder rages on.

Bright summer is but now a myth,
Both fair and winsome, too —
For Nature has her golden dreams
The same as I and you.

THE CALL

FROM out the winding valley of the past
Come faintly songs of lilies on the breeze;
Then, like an echo surging through the trees,
I hear the luring river in this vast
And mighty chasm. For I have, at last,
Forgotten all of Life's demands and pleas
That I might e'en return from o'er the seas
To where a love that ne'er can be sur-
passed
Lies buried, covered o'er with blossoms pink.
Near Lethe's stream the lilies softly sway,
While guarding my dead hopes beside its
brink;
And so, I heed their call — I must obey!

THE MUSIC OF THE WORLD

WHAT low song is sung to the hills
By the hovering, sibilant breeze?
And what is the message read by the sky
In the sun's rays, warm through the trees?

Who knows the swift waves' love for the
land,
Or the day's cool delight in the morn?
Who hears the song in a streamlet's rills,
Or the secrets of ages unborn?

Who hears the smooth, sweet call of May
As she sings to the budding trees?
Or the voices of stars in the heavens above
To the onward-winged seas?

If all your heart is filled with love
And all your days are glad,
You'll hear this music of the world
Where'er you go, my lad.

SUPPOSE

SUPPOSE the world were dying
And the woods had lost their music;
Suppose the sky too dark, too overcast
To light the eyes of man or beast;
What then?
Aye then — though all the hills and vales
But shadows be, and all the seas
But fearful, yawning wastes,
My heart would falter not,
Nor my hands grope blindly for support;
My soul could pierce
This somber depth of gloom,
For one small beckoning beacon-spark
Of the fire of spring
Would wind its way before me —
Because my heart and soul believeth
That Love is all!

SOMEWHERE

SOMEWHERE in this sunlit world,
In the smile of a gentle rain,
In the soothing call of a soft wind's trill,
Is God's promise of life again.

SOLILOQUY

THE old moon shines
On fresh-formed dreams,
The old moon glows
On newborn flowers,
Yet man believes
That Time, when dying,
Takes with him all
The sweet, past hours.

But still the old years,
Their keen pleasures,
Fill our lives;
Old joys, the past,
Outlive our span
Of life, and memory
Keeps us young
Until the last.

AT EVENSONG

ON the wondrous wings of even
Comes a rich and solemn strain
From the mellow organ, playing
In the chapel down the lane.
How oft I've stood outside and heard
Those reverent, splendid, holy airs;
My weary heart found peace and rest
And joined the upward-winged prayers!
Those few and tender words of comfort
Uttered there at evensong
And the gorgeous notes of music,
Helped my weak faith to grow strong.

YOUR QUESTION

You ask the measure of my love?
I answer — prithee tell
How many beats of a faithful heart
Will all your doubts dispel?
How many times do I love thee, then?
This, my answer will show —
Count the gleams in a summer rain
And then you will surely know!

REQUIEM

As thou liest there in sleep
(Ah, do not call it death!—
The name instills a horror drear)
Meseems I feel thy breath.

'Tis but the fancy of my heart,
For thou art chill, serene;
Thy dear face bears a smile for me
Such as I've often seen.

Would that I might keep thee, dear,
As near as now thou art;
Instead, the breast of Nature claims
The haven of my heart.

Where'er thou art, I feel assured
Thou wilt remember me,
And I shall find sweet comfort, dear,
In going soon to thee.

ALLAH

(Written after reading "Al Koran.")

I AM All that mortals know —
Belief and the Believer;
When mourners pray, I am the Prayer,
The Grief and yet the Griever.
To me all things are known and plain,
Morn and eve are one;
I am distant and yet near —
I'm Shadows and the Sun!
I am the Doer and the Deed,
The Giver and the Gift;
Who dares refute my solemn Word
Or any censure lift?
My Power sways from sea to sea,
My might is like the sand;
My Glory like the rainbow stretched
From flying waves to land.
Let none incur my mighty Wrath,
Let none stand unafraid —
For I am Sovereign — I am All
That's ever wrecked or made!

JUST YOU

ENTWINED with gentle Twilight's
Quiet shades,
That in yon placid depths
Are mirrored far,
Thy voice floats out
Upon the sparkling wind;
The radiance from thine eyes
Is like a star
Emblazoned on the altar cloth
Of Night;
E'en to thy warm-sweet lips
Can be compared the softness
Of the quivering east at dawn.
The glittering memories,
Fresh and lambent,
Of deep longings
And the dream-song of thine heart —
Aye, thou hast all encompassed
Fully in the mad mosaic
Of thy wondrous love!

A TRIBUTE

TO MRS. E. H. SOTHERN

FAR greater bards than I
Have often vied,
Each with the other,
To extol the charm,
The mellow magic
Of thy vibrant voice.
I prithee bear with me
Whilst I do add
Mine humble scroll
Unto the volumes, vast,
That e'er bepraise thy name.
For when thou didst live
As "Bonny Kate" or "Juliet,"
As "Rosalind" or "Portia"—
Aye, meseems thy voice
Was like unto a coronet
Of melody adorning Thespis' brow:
Pouring o'er my eager, waiting heart,
'Twas like the fragrant,
Mystic, southern wind,
Sun-drenched and perfumed;
Like all my rarest dreams
Of moon-swept, pulsing nights
In Arcady!

MY WISHES

FOR MOTHER

MAY all the winds sing to you
And ever bring to you
Love from my heart, now that you are gone;
May their sighs through the grasses
Tell you who passes
Whene'er I am near, be it twilight or dawn.

May raindrops be soft for you,
Come for me oft to you
Wet with my tears, now you are no more;
May the sun always follow
With lark and with swallow
To comfort us both and to gild our grief o'er.

May flowers e'er bloom for you,
Dispelling the gloom for you,
Telling you, dear, when the day's on the
 wane,
Of my dreams of our gladness
When all this vast sadness
Is ended and we are together again!

THE FLOWERS OF TIME

A LULLABY

SLEEP, my Little One, 'neath the stars,
While lotus-blossoms sway
And dance their way across the moon
Until the dawn of day.
Of softest, mellow silver sands
My baby's bed is made,
And for a shimmering coverlet
The wings of Night are laid.

The flowers of Time are opening fast,
Each fragrant hour holds
A dream for thee close-hidden in
Their brimming petal-folds.
So sleep, my Little One, 'neath the stars
While lotus-blossoms sway
And dance their way across the moon
Until the dawn of day.

REST

THE somber night is filled with sounds
All sweetly faint beneath the moon;
The scented call of a pine-swept breeze
Lulls me to dream with a haunting tune.

The rhythm of the branches' swing
Beckons me to stay and rest,
And leads me from the sunset-lure
To a fragrant, moss-bound mountain crest.

A tired heart seeks solace there,
A weary soul finds comfort deep,
Forgotten are the world's demands
When I am close enwrapped in sleep.

THE HILL O' DREAMS

YON far, majestic mountain heights,
As seen through mystic Northern Lights,
Thrill all my soul with wonder deep,
For in their pathless forests leap
The icy springs that grow to streams
And course adown the hill o' dreams.

The romance-woven lights and shades
Enmesh the woodland. Serenades
Of winging lark and swallow fleet
Mingle with the brooks' heart-beat;
I linger when the mountains call,
For oh, the vastness of it all!

O'er crag and boulder daylight glints,
And in the valley finger prints
Of God's fair hand show where the sun
Has kissed the earth e'er day was done;
The vales and hills now dimly blend
As soft mists rise from end to end.

When twilight comes from out the west
The moon close presses to her breast
The tired earth. And like a child
That in a peaceful sleep has smiled,
The weary world is bright with dreams —
The only sound — the mountain streams!



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